

AN: You know why you're here. It's time for more madcap madness from everyone's favourite Friday night comedy!

Cheese

Death

Scene One - Apartment

(TPYMK and Dan are sat at the kitchen table, facing each other. There is a chessboard placed between them. They stare intently at it.)

TPYMK: All right – make your move.

(Dan picks up a random piece on the board and places it in the corner.)

DAN: Checkmate.

TPYMK: You can't do that – it's cheating!

DAN: Well, I don't know the rules.

TPYMK: Nor do I.

DAN: Well, it looks like I've won, then.

TPYMK: Indeed! You're a clever one, Dan, I'll give you that!

DAN: Thank you! I think I'll collect my reward now, if you don't mind.

(TPYMK scowls, picking up a pair of pink slippers from under the table and dumping them right in front of Dan.)

TPYMK: Here.

(Dan squeals like a girl, picking up the slippers.)

DAN: Ooh – they're just my size!

(He quickly composes himself, looking around nervously.)

Err, I mean, they're just my... sister's size. Yeah. This'll be a good birthday present.

TPYMK: Isn't her birthday in November?

DAN: I'm just getting it early.

TPYMK: It's July.

DAN: I'm being precautionous.

TPYMK: You're being a liar.

DAN: Can't a man just wear his pink slippers in peace?

TPYMK: No. But you can wear them with a punch.

(TPYMK socks Dan in the face, sending him flying back against the fridge. A flowerpot falls onto his head, smashing to pieces.)

DAN: I don't feel too good...

(TPYMK slams Dan's head into the fridge.)

TPYMK: This is to teach you a lesson! There'll be no more transvestism in my house!

(He slams Dan's head repeatedly into the fridge, continuously doing it for about a minute straight. He finally lets go of his head. Dan slumps lifelessly to the floor.)

Now you just might listen—

(He stares at Dan.)

Dan? Dan?

(He kicks him in the face to try and wake him up.)

Dan!

(Dan doesn't move.)

Right!

(TPYMK pulls a pistol out of his pocket. He shoots Dan three times in the chest. Nothing happens.)

Damn it! How dare you, Dan! You can't just die! You're grounded for a month, young man!

(TPYMK sits down at the kitchen table.)

I don't believe it... Dan's dead...

(He then smiles.)

Ha-ha-ha! Dan's dead! Yes!

(The door suddenly opens. Greg stumbles in.)

GREG: Honey, I'm home!

TPYMK: Greg! You're here!

GREG: No, I'm not – I'm here!

TPYMK: That's what I just said.

GREG: Yeah. You said I'm here. But I'm not. I'm here.

(TPYMK narrows his eyes in confusion.)

TPYMK: So you're not here. You're here?

(Greg nods, smiling.)

GREG: Yep.

(TPYMK hurls a kettle at his face. It bounces off his head.)

TPYMK: Stop being such an ignorant fool, Greg.

GREG: Well, that's impossible – my brain is long since dead.

TPYMK: I really do hate you.

GREG: I know. Now, what's going on?

TPYMK: Never mind that. Where've you been, for a start?

GREG: I was trying to catch the bus.

TPYMK: The bus?

GREG: Yep.

TPYMK: Well, where were you going?

GREG: No – I mean I was actually trying to *catch* the bus. In my hands.

TPYMK: Oh. How did it go, then?

GREG: Um...

Scene Two – Street

(Greg gets knocked down by a bus in the middle of the road.)

Scene Three – Apartment

GREG: Not so well, actually.

TPYMK: It doesn't matter, anyway. I have some very good news!

GREG: You've bought me nine hundred bottles of champagne?

TPYMK: No.

GREG: Oh. Well, it's not very good news, then, is it?

TPYMK: Not everything relates back to alcohol, Greg.

GREG: It does for me.

TPYMK: Look, it doesn't matter. What's important is that we have one less mouth to feed!

GREG: Huh?

TPYMK: Dan is dead!

GREG: *What?*

(TPYMK gestures to Dan's motionless body, which is lying beside the fridge.)

TPYMK: Yes! I'm afraid to say that Dan has finally passed on from one life into the next. Never again will he brag about his status as a prince. Never more will he wear a Disney Princess dress. Never once will we have to hear the constant complaining. We're finally free!

GREG: How did he die?

TPYMK: I killed him.

GREG: What did you do that for?

TPYMK: He was being his usual annoying self.

GREG: That makes perfect sense. If I were him, I would have killed myself for being so annoying. I've lost count of all the time I've spent talking to him when I could have been drinking instead. Speaking of which...

(Greg pulls out a pint of beer from his sleeve. He drains it dry within seconds.)

That's better. Might need a brewery or two to wash it down.

TPYMK: Greg, this is no time for drinking yourself silly.

GREG: But it's my whole life.

TPYMK: Dan is dead! We should be celebrating!

GREG: I am celebrating!

TPYMK: How?

GREG: By drinking!

(TPYMK kicks Greg in the groin. He then smashes his glass of beer over his head, pushing him onto the sofa.)

TPYMK: Why do I have to live with two stupid idiots?

GREG: Because it's in the script, TPYMK. We wouldn't have the plot of this awful sitcom if we weren't characters.

TPYMK: I'm just waiting for us to get cancelled.

GREG: Well, we might be, now that Dan is dead.

TPYMK: Yes! Dan is dead! I almost forgot! Now all we have to do is hide the body so that no one will ever find him.

(Greg gets up from the sofa.)

GREG: What if his family turn up suddenly for a visit one day?

TPYMK: Then we'll just have to kill them, too. We might even have to eat them. There can't be any evidence remaining.

GREG: Well, if they drink beer, then I'll have no problem eating them. Hey – maybe we could dissolve Dan's body in beer! Then I'll drink it!

TPYMK: I don't think that'll work, Greg.

GREG: Of course it will! Follow me!

(Greg walks out of the room, motioning for TPYMK to follow.)

Scene Four - Bathroom

(Greg leads TPYMK into the bathroom.)

GREG: See! Look at that!

(He stands beside the bathtub, which is filled to the top with beer.)

TPYMK: You filled our bathtub with alcohol?

GREG: Well, whenever I need a wash, I thought it seemed appropriate.

TPYMK: I feel sick just by looking at it. I can hardly breathe.

GREG: Exactly! It's highly toxic! That's why it'll be all too easy for us to dump Dan inside and watch as his body dissolves into nothingness! Then we can have our dinner, sit on the sofa, put our feet up on the table, and we'll be watching *The Lion King Adventures* before you can say—

TPYMK: "This is all a load of nonsense."

GREG: What? It'll work!

TPYMK: Greg, it'll only work if we can even carry Dan in here. I seriously doubt that a stumbling drunkard like yourself will be capable of such a thing.

GREG: You just watch me.

(Greg heads for the door, only to walk straight into the floor. He falls backwards, smacking his face on the sink and knocking himself out.)

TPYMK: I rest my case.

Scene Five - Apartment

(TPYMK and Greg are stood over Dan's body.)

TPYMK: I think I know what we can do.

GREG: Drink ourselves to death?

TPYMK: No. That would be foolish.

GREG: Not in my world, it isn't.

TPYMK: Greg, shut up.

GREG: You know, it's funny, isn't it?

TPYMK: What is?

GREG: The fact that I can't walk and you can.

TPYMK: Greg, just listen for a moment. I think we're going to have to cut Dan up if we want to move him. His body is simply far too heavy.

GREG: Really?

TPYMK: Well, no – but I'm just feeling lazy today.

GREG: Oh – of course.

TPYMK: Now, if I wanted to cut Dan into pieces, then what would I use?

GREG: A toothbrush!

TPYMK: A toothbrush?

GREG: Yeah. Well, no one would see it coming, would they?

(TPYMK pulls a pickaxe from out of nowhere. He slams it into Greg's neck. Blood spurts everywhere.)

I think I've just cut myself.

TPYMK: Let that be a reminder of your idiocy.

GREG: At least I don't write bad stories.

TPYMK: How dare you say such a thing!

GREG: What? The *truth*?

TPYMK: You're really trying my patience, Greg! If you're not too careful, then you'll end up like Dan!

(Greg pulls the pickaxe out from his throat, dropping it to the floor.)

GREG: Okay. I'm sorry.

TPYMK: Really?

GREG: No. But have you thought of a way to cut him up?

TPYMK: Hmm...

(He thinks for a moment.)

I suppose we'll have to get the old chainsaw out.

GREG: The chainsaw? Well, we haven't used that in a while.

(TPYMK grimaces.)

TPYMK: Ooh, yeah – that was nasty, wasn't it? That family never knew what hit it...

GREG: Well, I did tell them to get out of the way.

TPYMK: That was after you broke into their house and started cutting them up with the chainsaw.

GREG: A red mist descended, TPYMK. I couldn't control my anger. I blame the drink, anyway.

TPYMK: Oh, never mind – let me get the chainsaw.

(TPYMK walks over to the sofa, pulling out a chainsaw from behind it.)

Ha-ha! This should do the trick!

(Greg stares at the chainsaw.)

GREG: You never wiped away the blood stains.

TPYMK: I know – but it looks cooler that way.

GREG: So, how are we gonna do this?

TPYMK: First, we cut off all of his limbs. Then his head, before smashing his torso to pieces with a hammer.

GREG: Why?

TPYMK: Because it's funny. Right – stand back.

(TPYMK brushes past Greg, standing over Dan with the chainsaw. He pulls the cord; the chainsaw roars to life.)

GREG: Wait!

(Greg hurries over to him.)

TPYMK: What is it, Greg? I'm about to indulge in gore-splattering mayhem!

GREG: Isn't this morally wrong?

TPYMK: Morally wrong? Greg, when have you ever cared about something being morally wrong?

GREG: Since about twenty-five seconds ago. And it has completely changed my life. I might even give up alcohol.

TPYMK: Really?

GREG: No. But we can dream, can't we?

TPYMK: Greg, this has to be done. It's what Dan would want.

GREG: What, kill him and then cut his body to pieces with a chainsaw before dissolving the pieces in a bathtub full of beer?

TPYMK: Yes. He's a Sumu user – what do you expect?

GREG: But what if the chainsaw doesn't work?

TPYMK: Can you not hear the sound of it?

GREG: It might just be a tiny lion inside, roaring loudly.

TPYMK: Greg, are you high?

GREG: I would have thought that were obvious.

TPYMK: Are you that much of a loser?

GREG: Yeah – and so are you.

TPYMK: I am an undiscovered genius! I've won three literary awards, I'll have you know!

GREG: Worst Book of the Year – three years running.

TPYMK: At least I'm trying.

GREG: You're trying to fail.

TPYMK: You're trying my patience!

GREG: Oh, shut up, you pathetic excuse for a writer.

TPYMK: *That's it!*

(TPYMK revs up the chainsaw, leans down and cuts Greg's legs off just below the knees. Greg falls down in bewilderment.)

That'll teach you to mess with me!

GREG: My legs! I need those to get to the bar!

(TPYMK kicks Greg in the face, knocking him out.)

TPYMK: And now to finish Dan off... Ha-ha-ha!

(TPYMK lifts the chainsaw up, ready to cut Dan to pieces.)

DAN: Ow...

(Dan lifts his head, waking up. TPYMK stares in shock.)

TPYMK: *What?*

(He lowers the chainsaw.)

DAN: Oh, my head...

(Dan sits up, in pain.)

TPYMK: Dan – you're alive!

DAN: Of course I'm alive!

TPYMK: But I killed you!

DAN: You what?

TPYMK: Oh, nothing... It doesn't matter.

(Dan climbs to his feet.)

DAN: Anything interesting happen while I was knocked out?

(TPYMK glances awkwardly at Greg.)

TPYMK: Greg's legless... literally.

DAN: How did that happen?

(TPYMK hides the chainsaw behind his back.)

TPYMK: Don't know. It certainly wasn't some sort of sinister attempt to murder you both so I could have the whole house to myself.

(Dan narrows his eyes in suspicion.)

DAN: Hey... If I didn't know any better, then I'd say that this was some sort of sinister attempt to murder us both so you could have the whole house to yourself.

(TPYMK points at something random behind Dan.)

TPYMK: Dan, look – a royal parade in your honour!

(Dan turns around.)

DAN: Where?

(TPYMK knocks him out with a swipe of the chainsaw.)

The End

AN: I loved the slapstick in this one. It was pretty crazy, wasn't it? This series is quite insane! There's no telling what will happen next...